

SERMON

Preached by REV. JAS. P. STRATTON, on Sunday, June 6, 1875, in memory of Mrs. LYDIA B. STONE, one of the Original Founders of the Presbyterian Church, Mexico, N. Y.

Text.—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.—Revelations XIV, 13.

A few weeks ago a funeral procession moved through our streets to the village cemetery; it attracted unusual attention, for the eight young men acting as pall-bearers, and walking by the side of the bier, were all grandsons of her whom they bore to the grave. That was the funeral cortege of Mrs. Lydia B. Stone, a sainted woman, ripe in years, but ripe still in the graces of holiness. The services at the house were necessarily brief, for two invalid daughters lay there in adjoining rooms, too sick to hear even pensive music or consoling speech. Ever since that funeral it has seemed best to me to set apart a Sabbath morning service in commemoration of the deceased, because, first, she was one of the original founders of this church; and because, secondly, she possessed a character that was altogether remarkable.

On the 24th of February, 1830, a committee from the old Oswego Presbytery met, in this village to organize a Presbyterian church. They found forty-one persons to participate in the organization and to enroll their names upon the books of the new church; and there the little company, consecrating themselves to God and seeking the blessing of God, began this church, which in the forty intervening years, has steadily grown apace until to-day it counts three hundred members, and ranks among the most prosperous of our country. It is no easy matter to locate churches in newly settled regions. All is doubtful then. None can tell just where the centres will be; whether that cluster of houses will become a village or grow into a city, who can tell? Perhaps the village will dwindle into a hamlet; perhaps the four corners will enlarge into a city. Natural laws generally decide where villages and cities ought to be; but oftentimes local prejudice or individual ambition attempts to thwart nature. Building lots are marked off where God meant farms to be, and avenues are laid out where the Lord meant forests to grow. And so in the East and in the West, how many villages there are as deserted as the one that Goldsmith describes so quaintly in rhythmic verse. Our own township has had its rivalries. Fifty years ago opinion varied as to whether Prattville or Mexico would be the leading place. There were men of eminent worth over there at Prattville—men of integrity, of intellect, of foresight—men who would make use of all possible enterprise and opportunity to bring growth to their vicinage. But here, the people believed that nature was on their side. How can you have a village without water power? said they; that we have, but you have not. Two creeks, not far apart, roll in full and rapid streams on toward the lake. Between these two creeks nature has marked the place where storekeepers should sell wares, and where mills should grind grain. But where shall we build the church? Shall we put it there or here? Imagine such a question in the table talk, and in all the talk of two rival towns! There seemed to be no way out of the controversy but through a compromise. Neither Mexico nor Prattville can have the church; it must be between the two, and so, somewhere on the long hill in the old cemetery neighborhood, they drove the stakes; but the Union church never went beyond a few stakes. Your fathers here believed in natural laws too strongly to put their church on a far away hill top. They believed in the two creeks, and felt that in time population must be massed around them if anywhere. The stakes were taken up, one became two, and the old text was reversed: What the Lord hath not joined together, let man put asunder. A resolute little band here petitioned Presbytery for a separate organization, secured a minister, and by-and-by built their meeting house and parsonage. Of the forty-one founders only thirteen are now living, and of these survivors Mr. Anson Gustin, Mrs. Susan Butterfield, Mrs. Lovisa Matthews, and Mrs. N. J. Robbins, are the only ones whose health or circumstances now permit them to worship with us with any degree of regularity. Most of the surviving founders of the church have already gone beyond their three score years and ten, and as we see them marked and marred by age, we realize that very soon they, too, shall pass away from the church militant to the church triumphant. But we remember Mrs. Stone to-day not only nor chiefly because she was enrolled among the founders of our church, but because of the remarkable character she possessed.

Some one says: "Character is the diamond that scratches all other stones." Certainly it has a power to influence that nothing else can equal. It is hard to say just what we mean by character; it is like love, recognized easily but described with difficulty. Men are not made like rows of houses, bits pieced together by nails or plaster; rather they are like plants and trees, that grow from germ. Character is the soul's germs, growing and grown; good principles or bad ones, that bring us a reaping just like the sowing. Not what I say, but what I am, that is my character. If there is something in me better or worse than my speech or my act, that is something you will see and feel most because it is my real character. It is said that they who heard Lord Chatham speak, always felt that there was something finer in the man than in anything which he said. Speaking of character, Emerson says: "The reason why we feel one man's presence and do not feel another's, is as simple as gravity. All individual natures stand in a scale according to the truth that is in them. The will of the true runs down from them

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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into lower natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel. A healthy soul stands united with justice and truth, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, and so people of character always come to be the conscience of the society to which they belong. It is the habit of a true man to give an all-excluding fullness to the principles he lives by, and to make those principles, for a time, something like the God who gave them—almighty. Why, a real true character seems like a child of the old eternal soul, a piece of genuine and immeasurable greatness."

We all know something about faith and patience, and we know too that they are about as precious things as the Lord ever gives to man; but what is faith; and what is patience? You can't tell me by anybody's words; you must tell me by somebody's life. I do not go to the dictionary to find out what faith is; for I do not want definitions, but illustrations. So, too, patience is not learned from books, but from people, and from people too who know how it is that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."

We had both of these graces illustrated here daily. In the dark room of Mrs. Stone we all learned how to trust in God, and to say thy will, not mine, be done. No one needed a commentary to get heavenly things explained by, there; faith was so real, and patience was so sweet there that no one could be skeptical at her bedside. Go in there at the bright noon, not even a cloudlet obscures the sunshine outside, but inside the curtains are down, the doors are shut, 'tis as dark and silent as night; you grope your way to her couch, take the white and wasted hand into yours, and in the dim light, you can see a beautiful smile wreathed about her features. You talk with her, and almost the first thing you learn is that she who is sick, is really stronger and more contented than you who are well. Her talk is all about the goodness of God. Oh! how good is God, I have heard her say, when every nerve of her body hurt as though it throbbed in fire. In thirteen years I do not believe she murmured once; sometimes suffering was so intense that she had to groan aloud, but after the groaning she would say I did not mean to murmur. Only a week before she died, when her poor, frail body seemed almost to get tied into knots by convulsive pains, she said to me: "As a lamb before her shearer is dumb, so the opened not his mouth, my Saviour was silent in his anguish, oh, why should I groan as I do." That was her character; practicing the virtues that others preached. Showing to us all how the grace of God can make one, who is as feeble as a babe, and who has more throbs of pain every day than there are minutes in the day, to be stronger through faith, and happier through patience, than most of us are who have all that heart can wish for. Character is as penetrative as the air; no one sees the air as it goes hither and thither in silent vibrations, but how penetrative it is, sifting itself through all crevices, filling all spaces, and bringing to us breath and light and life. So was the character of Mrs. Stone. No one has seen her upon our streets for many years, but her influence has come into every home; unconsciously perhaps, but truly she has made the life of faith seem to us all, sweeter and easier. That dark room has been in our midst a real holy of holies, wherein we might see, if not the shekinah that ancient priests saw, then a shekinah that is not often seen this side of the skies. Strangers went there to learn from that waned and wasted sufferer how to rejoice and to trust. In the past six or seven years over fifty clergymen have visited her, and in all their parish- es, in conversation, and in sermons they have told the story of the patient sufferer, so that as I have gone upon visits and exchanges, I have found that the influence of this character has penetrated farther than has any other influence that emanates from our town. Not a great while ago one of our ablest preachers told a vast audience of the help he got there in the dark room of Mrs. Stone. Patient, silent sufferer, never seen out of doors, and yet having an influence that only God can measure, and there in the silence, and in the darkness, more faithful to God, and more useful to man, than can perhaps be said of any one of us. How much is one worth? Man answers by counting dollars. God answers by counting virtues. Oh! by such a count as that, who among us shall be worth as much as she, when, by and by, the Lord shall measure off these earthly values of ours.

Now let us endeavor to discover some of the sources of her peculiar character. We shall find them mainly under two headings: 1st. Inheritance. 2d. Trials. Mrs. Stone was of New England ancestry. The records name one of her forefathers as belonging to the famous colony of Puritans at Plymouth. These names that once had so much reproach in them, have come to be illustrious at last; no one sneers at Nazareth now; we never think of Calvary as near a place of skulls; and Puritanism and Methodism are no longer titles of shame, but of honor. The Puritans of New England were a peculiar people. I suppose never a people lived who had keener consciences than

they. Their first thought about a thing was, is it right? Tell them what they ought to do, and you tell them what they will do. They would not trifle, for to them this life was the merest bit of their existence, a little segment cut from the great circle of eternity. They believed themselves created and preserved by a just God, who hated, and who punished all sins and crimes. God was an inexorable bookkeeper; keeping every account just right, and sure to give every one his due. Virtuous men they were, strictly conscientious too. "Long headed and thrifty, hating waste, idleness," sin and the devil. Good men to till forests, to fight battles, to establish commonwealths, to write declarations of independence; men altogether worthy of the praise that Carlyle gives them when he says: "We must all understand that Puritanism is a genuine thing, for nature has adopted it, and it has grown and grows; give a thing time, if it can succeed, it is a right thing; look at that little fact of the sailing of the Puritans two hundred years ago from Delft Haven, in Holland. Why were we of open sense as the Greeks are, we had found a poem here, one of nature's own poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. The weak things, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was weak enough to be laughable once, but nobody can manage to laugh at it now, for it has weapons and sinews, it has firearms, war navies, it has cunning in its ten fingers, strength in its right arm, it is one of the strongest things under the sun at present." People have been wont to call the Puritans a narrow, bigoted set. Very well, did you ever notice that the men who have been called narrow, are the very ones who have impressed their thoughts most deeply upon human affairs. They have been intense, impinging, persistent, willing to be narrow, that so they might be deep, afraid to be broad, lest they might be shallow. Make a stream of water too broad and it becomes shallow and sluggish, so much so that it is really not much better than a marsh. Too much spreading out turns a living and useful narrow banks, you get concentration, and depth, and current. It is these narrow streams that set the mills a going; the ponderous wheels of machinery, the hum, and stir, and work belong on the banks of streams that do not waste their power by width, but concentrate it by narrowness. I do not plead for bigotry, my instincts are altogether liberal, but I do believe that we may all become stronger, by getting our convictions and our plans into narrower channels; for when men are intense then they are strong; when forces are concentrated then there is power. The Puritans were men of this kind; but what would our Republic have been without them. They may have been narrow, but the world never saw a truer, more conscientious, more God-fearing people than they. I have seen some extracts from the diary of Mrs. Stone's mother, and in them 'tis easy to trace the influence that moulded the daughter's character. She was a mother of the old Puritan type, having a devout reverence for God, fearing to sin, spending a good deal of time in secret prayer, keeping vigils, and fasts, loving her church, often reading her Bible, and as one says of her: "Able to quote it all day." All these traits and more were reproduced in her daughter. One of them particularly was noticeable—her attachment to the Bible. Not more implicitly do you and I believe that a square has four sides, than she believed the Bible was true; to her its chapters were axioms, its verses were truths, and because she believed it thus she never had any doubts, never any anxieties, in all her afflictions she knew that the Lord would do right, in all her straits she knew that the Lord would provide. She would not worry, she could not, because she had so many promises, and to her these promises were certain to procure help from the treasury of God that Astor's check or even Rothschild's check is certain to procure gold from the bank. Do you wonder that she loved the Bible? Why, it was her check-book, with which she drew often upon the treasures laid up for her in the kingdom of heaven. She could recite whole chapters. "Go and read the Bible to grandma," said one. "Why, of what use is it; she knows it all by heart now." Last winter, being then 79 years old, she repeated word for word two entire chapters from Revelations. Now and then convulsions would seize her while she recited Scripture, but so soon as she spasm ended she would return to the last word she had spoken and then finish the verse. Here is a veritable bit of paper that has come to us from the dim old years—older far than many of us here. It is dated August, 1817, and is a statement of Mrs. Stone's conversion—a statement such as is made sometimes when one applies for admission to the church. I will read a little of it that you may see how firmly the old Puritan faith possessed her soul. "Two years ago last fall my attention was called to the concern of my soul. I felt as though it was the last time God's spirit would strive with me. I felt myself a great sinner, and that it was a holy God I had sinned against. I thought if it was man I had

sinned against, it would be nothing, but it was a holy God. I thought I could not retire to rest until I had addressed the Throne of Grace. I retired and attempted to pray, but the heavens seemed as brass; it seemed as though the devils stood round ready to drag me to eternal burnings. I thought there was no way for me. This text came to my mind: 'My people shall be willing in the day of my power.' I saw that I was wholly dependent. I had no worthiness of my own to plead. I felt as though I could give myself up into the hands of God, for he would do nothing wrong; if he sent me to hell, it was nothing more than I deserved. Christ appeared dear to me; there was no other way I could get to heaven, only by him. I thought I could be happy in hell if my Saviour was there; but it is the presence of God that makes heaven. My distress was gone; I wanted to be in prayer the most of the time. I wanted every one to see the beauty there was in Christ. If I had a thousand souls I should be willing to trust them all in his hands. I did not like to hear people converse upon anything but religion, and I did not care what became of me if I could only do something for the glory of God."

One other influence that marked her character we must unfold briefly: i. e., her trials. In 1826, she came into this township. Western New York then seemed farther off to a New Englander, than California now does to us. Imagine the starting away from home; no railroad stations then, as how, to drive to, and there take a train that would speed the rails at thirty miles per hour. No, instead of that, a stout lumber wagon was waiting by the door; into it are placed provisions, furniture, family. Father, mother, six children, food, furniture are stored somehow in the one wagon, and the journey begins. Twelve days they travel, and then lo! the prodigious distance of 250 miles is accomplished. Twelve days for a journey that now we make in less than twelve hours. This was a new country then. No village here as we have now, with broad streets and rows of shade trees, and beautiful homes; but full of unfilled forests, and newly cleared land. Here a couple of hundred people were struggling among difficulties innumerable to gain a competence. With twelve children to feed and to rear, how many trials she must have endured, and how often must the sorely tried mother have been almost overcome, yet through it all she seemed to grow in grace and in knowledge of the Lord Jesus. But in the later years, particularly, she has proven best of all how it is that through sufferings we are made perfect. Martineau says: "When the Great Father, in his everlasting watch, passes his daily and nightly rounds, and through these lower mansions of his house, gathers in the offered desires of his children, where think you does he hear the tones of deepest love and see, on the uplifted face, the light of most heart-felt gratitude? Not where his gifts are most profuse, but where they seem most meagre; not where the suppliant's worship glides forth from the cushion of luxury, through lips satiated with plenty and rounded by health, but by the pillar of the wasted sufferer where the sunken eye, denied sleep, converses silently with a star, and the hollow voice enumerates in prayer, not comforts and fond hopes. Genial alms to miracle, is the soil of sorrow, wherein the smallest seed of love falling becometh a tree, in whose foliage the birds of blessed song lodge and sing unceasingly. Oh, to them the Holy Spirit fills and consecrates every experience. The silken cords of divine love weave together the whole tissue of their lives and make it all as a garment of God, more sacred than prophet's mantle. To such people, character and will are above the reach of circumstances. A current of pure and strong affections fed by the fount of bliss, pours from hidden and sunlit heights, and winds through the open plains and dark ravines of life till its murmurs fall into the everlasting deep."

That is the way it was with her. For thirteen years the room was darkened, and sometimes so painful was light, that if there should be an opening no bigger than a pin-point, through which a ray or streak of daylight came, it would bring awful pain. Thirteen years and no look at the flowers in the gardens, nor the stars in the sky! Thirteen years of lameness, starless night! In that long darkness, she wished to look up into the blue, because to her the heavens declared the glory of God, and the firmament showed his handiwork, and once in a quiet moonlight night, she tried it, but the light darted into her eyes like points of steel, and so never again did she try to see moonlight or starlight. Nothing was dearer to her than the Bible, but only once in all that time did she read it, and then but a single verse that was printed in large type and hung as a silent comforter upon the wall.

Was she unhappy? Never. Oh! how grateful for every favor, and as children and friends brought in their tokens of love, she said: "Oh! how good is God; it does seem as though I was getting all my good things in this life." Murmur? Never. There were two or

three books of which she was very fond, and in them I found passages like these turned down or pencil-marked: "Let us try to realize that not one day of weariness will be given, that is not necessary. Not one sigh breathed that has not its errand. The great secret of repose amidst restlessness, calmness amidst agitation, confidence amidst dark providences, is the will brought into complete subjection to the divine will; the heart beating in unison with Christ's heart. The moment you are led to see that all is right, that God has done it, and that it must be well done, you are happy. There is no happiness, not a moment of it, in opposing God." "Amid the tears of grief, peace keeps her silent place like the rainbow upon the spray of the dashing cataract; nor can it be driven thence so long as Jehovah's sunshine rests upon the soul." "A lifetime's sufferings would not be too long, or too heavy, if by means of them we got rid of sin and sinful ways." "Blessed Jesus! of Him no trials can weary us, suffering only endears Him the more. Blessed suffering that makes Him more and more precious." "No affliction is random, no bereavement is accident, for God causes all things to work together for my good." Such was the venerable mother, whom we laid away to rest a few weeks ago. Can we not say truly of her, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they do rest from their labors. Rest! sweet, blessed rest is hers; every pain gone, every trial ended, the gentle, patient sufferer home at last in the bosom of that God, whom she loved so well. Gone from this dark home of earth, wherein it was night always, to the bright home of heaven, of which it is written, there shall be no night there. Gone to her rest, and yet being dead to speaketh. Longfellow says:

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
But speaking from death's frost;  
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!  
Glimmer, as funeral lamps  
Amid the chills and damps  
Of the vast plain where Death encamps."

Nothing human ever dies, and goodness is one of the immortals. "It is a mistake to suppose that any service rendered to man, any interesting relation of human life, any exhibition of moral greatness can ever be lost. Their forms only disappear, their value still remains. Material structures decay, but mind partakes of the eternity of God, and thoughts, truths, emotions, once given to others are never lost." When Elijah had smitten the waters there beyond Gilgal, (the waters flowing with swift current on toward the sea), and was approaching the place of translation, Elisha could think of nothing better to pray for, than a double share of the good man's spirit, and then when through the whirlwind and the fire, Elisha saw the translated prophet ascending into the parted heavens, and realized that he was gone from him forever, he sought and found the mantle of Elijah, and covering himself with that, went forth to live, to love and to work as Elijah had done before him. So now, as we stand near to the place, at which this aged saint was translated into the kingdom of God, let our prayer be for a double portion of her spirit, and as we realize that she has gone from us forever, let each of us seek and find such a mantle as she wore, that, covering ourselves with it, we may go forth to live, to love, to work and to die as she did.

A negro revivalist named Andrew Cown is said to be as effective with his own race, in Mississippi, as Moody and Sankey are with white people. He is a powerful fellow, physically and vocally, and the scenes that attend his fervid exhortations are described as being the acme of religious excitement. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial attended one of his meetings. After a harrowing sermon, that wrought the impassible hearers to intense feeling, he made the following admonition and appeal: "Now, brethren and sisters, we want mounah here to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't moun for your sins, don't come foolin' round dis altar. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty ha'd to be converted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord spises mounah. Sometimes you sinnahs comes h'rd an' holds your head too high a-comin'. You come foah you's ready, you starts too soon. You don't repent; you's no mounah. You's foolin' wid de Lord. You come struttin' up to de altar; an' you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fro you fingahs, dis way, an' you cooks up you eahs to see who's makh' de best pray'r. You's tired too peart for penitence. You's no mounahs. Ef you comes heal to fool, you bettah stay away. Bettah go to hell from de pew asleepin', or from your cabin a swearin', dan from the mounah's bench a foolin'."

How sweet is a perfect understanding between man and wife. He was to smoke cigars when he wanted them, but he was to give her ten cents every time he indulged in one. He kept his word, and every time she got 50 cents ahead, he'd borrow it and buy cigars. And so they were happy.

Sleight of hand performance—not giving show tickets to printers.

## EXORCISING A GHOST.

Tom Brown was haunted. You may turn up your nose, reader, and scout at the idea, but such things do happen, even in the nineteenth century, as I am ready to prove.

I repeat it, my friend Tom was haunted; and by no less a personage than his wife's first husband, who it would reasonably be supposed, having vacated the place that Tom had obligingly offered to fill, would have left our hero in undisturbed possession of all the rights and privileges thereunto belonging.

Now, if it had been the ghost of Tom's grandmother or great-grandmother, or any of his aunts or cousins, or even that undesirable, but indispensable article—if men would have any wives at all—a mother-in-law, he could have borne it with some degree of equanimity; but as it was, he was driven nearly frantic.

Tom had married the Widow Vandusen with the best possible intentions, who had manifested no reluctance to becoming Mrs. Tom Brown; indeed, we are only to remember that she was a widow to feel pretty sure that she did her share of the courting.

And now to have the virtues of the deceased Vanduzen dished up for breakfast, dinner and tea, to say nothing of having them served up cold as side-dishes, on every possible occasion, was rather more than Tom could endure.

We can understand the poet when he says, "How blessings brighten as they take their flight!" but why a woman should speak of "her sainted husband," who was anything but a saint when on earth, or why a man should allude to "the dear departed," who was only dear to him in her heavy draft upon his pocketbook, are among those things, to quote the immortal Danderey, "which no fellow can find out."

Tom's wife was a quiet, meek-faced little woman, and who would have been highly indignant had any one insinuated that she did not make him one of the best of wives.

Indeed, most of Tom's male acquaintances thought he ought to be a very happy fellow; and so he would have been but for the ghost of the defunct Vanduzen, whose presence his late widow continually invoked, and whose moral excellencies, as portrayed by her skillful hand, he despaired of ever being able to emulate.

Mrs. Brown regarded his shortcoming as a matter of indifference, that was "Poor Tom means well," she would say, with a sigh of mingled resignation and regret. "I could not expect to have two such husbands as my sainted Augustus!"

We are sorry to say that Tom did not always receive this with the meekness that was expected of him.

"No one can regret his death more than I do, my dear," was his unfeeling rejoinder one day.

Mrs. Brown uttered no reproach, neither did she fly into a passion. She knew a trick worth two of that.

Slowly raising her handkerchief to her eyes, she faltered forth:

"My sainted Augustus—"

Without waiting to hear what the "sainted Augustus" did or did not do, Tom left the house, uttering some very emphatic language, like the unfeeling brute that he was, as our lady readers will acknowledge.

The worst of it was that Tom knew of no one who had the slightest knowledge of the late Augustus Vanduzen, so he was unable to throw any doubt upon the existence of the superhuman virtues under whose weight, figuratively speaking, he lay crushed.

His wife had married and buried her first husband in California.

She came North soon after her widowhood to visit some friends who had known her only in her maiden life, where Tom saw, wooed and won her.

But, as luck would have it, John Babbitt, an old schoolmate of Tom's, came home from California.

Of course the two had a world of things to talk over.

"How curious you should be married, old boy!" said John, as they sat smoking together. "And to poor little Mrs. Vanduzen."

"I'm married to her fast enough," said Tom, dryly, "though I haven't the slightest expectation of ever being able to supply the place of her first husband. You knew the late lamented Augustus Vanduzen?"

"I knew more than I wanted to of him; though I never knew he was lamented by anybody. His wife certainly had no cause to lament him. Why, he used to get drunk every night and come home and smash the furniture! I never pitied any woman as I did her. I used to hope she'd outlive him, so as to take a little comfort before she died. He did die, though not in his bed; the vigilance committee got hold of him one dark night, and—"

Here the speaker touched his throat, with a brief but expressive gesture. "Too many horses missing, you understand."

Here, as the speaker caught a glimpse of Tom's astonished face, the sudden thought struck him that this revelation might not be over and above agreeable to the man occupying the place that had

been so suddenly vacated; "I beg pardon—"

"Not a word of apology, my dear fellow," interrupted Tom, whose face was actually radiant with smiles, grasping John warmly by the hand, whose turn it was to be astonished. "I'm delighted. That is to say," added Tom, checking himself as he saw his friend's bewildered look, "I shall be delighted to have you dine with me to-morrow; a strictly family dinner, you understand. Mrs. Brown will be delighted, too! Oh, yes!" chuckled Tom, on his way home, feeling much inclined to toss up his cap and hurrah in the exuberance of his joy.

He was confident that he had now a spell by which he could "lay" the ghost that had so long haunted him.

It was past eleven when he let himself in.

Instead of creeping meekly along, as was his wont, he walked noisily up stairs into the room where his wife was sitting, handkerchief in hand, in the attitude into which she had arranged herself at the turning of the latch-key.

Without paying her the slightest heed, Tom marched across the floor to the fire, where he stood warming his hands and whistling softly to himself.

Astonished at this unheard-of procedure, Mrs. Brown glanced out at the culprit from the corner of her pocket-handkerchief.

"Never, during all our happy married life, did my sainted Augustus come home at such an hour as this!" she said, with more than usual emphasis, as she noted his air of tranquil enjoyment.

"I know he didn't," was the cool reply; "he used to come home at two in the morning, crazy drunk, and smash the furniture. I haven't got to that yet, but it will come in due season."

Speechless with astonishment and dismay, Mrs. Brown removed the handkerchief from her eyes, and looked at the speaker.

That look was too much for Tom's risibilities; throwing himself down into a chair, he laughed until his wife began seriously to think that he had taken leave of his senses.

"You've been drinking, Tom," she said, solemnly.

"Oh, no, not at all, my dear," he replied, his face suddenly settling into an expression of preternatural gravity; "that's the next feature in the programme, I believe. I'm but a novice as yet, so you must excuse my imperfect rendering of the character that has been so often held up for my imitation. Practice makes perfect, you know, and I hope in time, to attain to all the virtues of the late lamented Augustus Vanduzen, though I hardly expect to reach the elevated position that was his when he made his final exit."

Mrs. Brown's face turned scarlet.

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he responded, throwing his head back, and fixing his eyes upon a fly on the ceiling.

And not another word could she get out of him.

The next morning Mrs. Brown was grave and preoccupied, saying little, and studying her husband's face whenever she could do so unobserved.

Tom, on the contrary, was in the best of spirits, apparently caring whether she replied or not.

He casually mentioned, on rising from the table, "that he should bring a friend home to dinner."

Formerly, any such intimation was a sufficient warrant for Mrs. Brown to call up the ghost of the deceased Vanduzen, but, curiously enough, she did not even mention his name.

Tom found his wife alone in the parlor when he returned to dinner with his guest.

"Mrs. Brown, Mr. John Babbitt. An old acquaintance of yours, I believe."

Whatever Mrs. Brown had feared, or conjectured, she was not prepared for this; she turned from red to white, and from white to red, but retaining her self-possession wonderfully, as Tom could not but note and admire.

As courteous and attentive as his hostess was, John felt ill at ease. He had too much tact and good breeding to make any allusion to her former life, so their conversation was confined to the merest commonplaces.

So the dinner was not a very enlivening affair. Tom was the only one of the party who seemed to be at ease; he was in high spirits—on the best of terms with himself and everybody else.

As soon as she could do so with propriety, Mrs. Brown left the two gentlemen to themselves, going directly to her own room, and seeking relief in that un-failing refuge for all feminine troubles and perplexities, "a good cry."

Tom entered the room an hour later.

There was a comical look in his eyes as he turned them upon his wife's averted face. He was evidently determined to press the advantage he had obtained to its fullest extent.

"My dear, I hope my efforts to 'follow in the footsteps of your illustrious predecessor' meet with your entire approval?"

"Tom!"

Here Mrs. Brown burst into tears.

This was more than Mrs. Stone's good and generous heart could endure.

"Come, let us make a bargain, wife. If you will let the ghost of your former husband rest quietly in his present home—let us hope that it is a happy one—I will do the same."

Upon these words, the ghost vanished, and never troubled them any more. Tom and his wife kept their bargain, and, as the children's stories end, "lived happy ever after."

—A little girl at school read thus "The widow lived on a limbeck left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not limbeck." "But," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
PORT LEWIS SELINNEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER-SYLE, Foreign Editor.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1875

## Notice to Correspondents.

We have on file communications from persons in different localities which should have been published ere this. Owing to our necessary absence on business at Watertown and Rome for several days matters at our office got somewhat disarranged. We take this opportunity to say to our correspondents that we shall again get everything put in proper order when we are through with our personal affairs in Rome. In the meantime we hope they will continue to keep up their regular communications and not think that they are slighted.

## Small Institutions.

It seems we were quite unfortunate in our choice of language, when, the other week, we attempted to explain what we understood by a small institution. Any how we did not succeed in conveying the right idea. What we meant was a school with any number of pupils not more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty. The *Silent World* is a third as generous; it would have the limit at fifty. But it doesn't matter since we are ready to maintain that our impressions concerning a hundred in which the *Silent World* heartily concurs, are as truly applicable to a smaller number.

The *Silent World* was right in its first impression that our remarks on the subject were of general application. Our remarks applied to the deaf of New York, it is true, but only so far as they constitute a part of the deaf of the country—of the whole country. In the discussion, which we shall be happy to have continued, we want it distinctly understood that the *JOURNAL* is no more an organ of New York than the *Silent World* is an organ of the National Deaf-Mute College. We hope the column or more the *Silent World* took, was an honest expenditure of space to set itself right and to robe itself and its readers in that justice it so zealously craves. We should be very sorry, indeed, to think that it considered this little misunderstanding regarding numbers and locality, a convenient loop-hole through which to escape; and although the editor of the *Silent World*, with native modesty, keeps his name veiled from the public gaze, we trust he will have no hesitation in facing a question, of which the world would

## Sixth Biennial Convention of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association.

### Programme.

This convention will be held in the city of Watertown, at Washington Hall, commencing on the 25th of August, 1875, and closing at noon on the 27th. It will be opened on Wednesday, at 9 A. M., with prayer by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., Rector of St. Ann's Church, New York. An address by the Hon. Bradley Winslow, Mayor of Watertown, will follow. Then comes the President's biennial address, and the reports of the Treasurer and Secretary.

Next will be the oration, which will be delivered by Mr. Fort Lewis Selinney, of Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y., or by his substitute, Mr. Samuel T. Greene, of the Ontario Institution, Belleville, Canada. Impromptu addresses by other gentlemen may be expected, completing the morning session.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

On re-assembling at 2 P. M., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will deliver a lecture, his subject being "Marriage." Amendments to the constitution of the society will then be in order. The session will close with resolutions and miscellaneous remarks.

It is expected that Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Rev. Thomas B. Berry, Rector of Trinity Church, Granville, N. Y., and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret the proceedings for the benefit of the hearing portion of the audience.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

In the evening, at 7:30 o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by the Rector of Trinity Church, will hold a service for deaf-mutes, in that church.

### THURSDAY.

In the morning, at 7:40 o'clock, an excursion will start for and spend the day among the Thousand Islands. Tickets from Watertown to Alexandria Bay and return, \$2.10, (dinner on board, 50 cents extra.) An arrangement has been made by which 30 cents will go to the treasury of the Association for every ticket sold.

In the evening, at 8 o'clock, a grand reception and re-union will be given to the members of the Association at the spacious residence of Mrs. Howell Cooper.

### FRIDAY MORNING.

Re-assemble at 9 A. M. After prayer, the election of officers for the two ensuing years will take place. After transacting such other business as may come before the association, and the delivery of the closing remarks by the President and others, the convention will adjourn sine die.

## HOTEL AND RAILROAD FARES.

Arrangements have been made with the two following hotels at reduced rates, both of which can accommodate all in attendance; two persons must occupy one bed:  
Woodruff House, \$2.00 per day.  
American Hotel, 1.50 "  
The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg and Lake Ontario Shore railroads will furnish excursion tickets at reduced rates. These tickets, all proposing to attend the convention, must procure on these roads, at the respective stations from which they start, and will hold good for their return. The Syracuse Northern, Utica & Black River and other railroads remain to be heard from, and of the fares on these, notice will be given before the convention meets.

The managers of the Empire State Association, take pleasure in inviting all, who can, to be in attendance, and participate in the proceedings, assuring them that no pains will be spared, on their part, to render the occasion one of general enjoyment and profit.

H. C. RIDER,  
President.

H. A. RUMBLE,  
Secretary.

## Refutation.

SUPERINTENDENT THOMAS MACINTIRE, OF THE INDIANAPOLIS INSTITUTION FILES HIS ANSWER.

He Asserts His Entire Innocence of the Charges Preferred against Him and Charges His Persecutors with Being Conspirators, Forgers, Perjurers and Suborners of Perjury.

(Continued from our last.)

(From the Indianapolis Journal, May 23, 1875.)

Afterward he petitioned the board for a reconsideration of its action, and it appearing that he had been offered the option to have the charges against him investigated, or to resign his place, and that he had chosen to resign, the board, "considering the said resignation a confession of guilt," confirmed its previous action, and he was dismissed in disgrace.

### CONFIRMING THE FORMER ACTION.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, July 2, 1868, the following action was taken:  
The subject of William M. French's dismissal was brought before the board on a petition for a reconsideration. The board adopted the following preamble and resolutions on the subject, to wit:

Whereas, William M. French having been accused at the last meeting of the board, of immoral conduct, by Mary Stombough, Charles C. Brantley and M. B. Butler, and having been offered by the superintendent his option of an investigation or resignation, the said French did choose voluntarily to tender his resignation of the office of teacher; and

Whereas, The Board of Trustees, considering the said resignation a confession of guilt, did on the 4th day of June last pass an order dismissing the said French from the institution as a teacher: therefore Resolved, That the Board of Trustees, in view of the fact that their action was based almost entirely upon such resignation and the natural inference of guilt, do not feel authorized in changing their former action in the case.

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the minutes in the case of William M. French, at the date above mentioned.

Afterwards French obtained a situation in the "Nebraska Deaf and Dumb Institute." It was not long before a printed circular was received by me, purporting to come from that institution, in which French was charged with gross immoralities, and which stated that he had been disgracefully dismissed from that institution:

### CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER.

DEAR SIR—W. M. French, late principal of the "Nebraska Deaf and Dumb Institute," has been guilty of the crime of seduction of a poor unfortunate committed to his care. We are since informed that his connection with another institution heretofore was terminated for a similar offense. Learning that he is persistently seeking employment now in deaf-mute institutions, we feel impelled to publish this notice.

Afterward I learned that French had applied for a situation as a teacher of a class of mutes in the public schools of Cincinnati, and inquiry was made of me whether he was a fit person for such a place. I answered that he was not, and stated the circumstances which led to his dismissal from the Indiana Institution. This is the man now in the pay of Fawcner, who has fabricated most of the so-called "documentary evidence" exhibited in support of the charges against me. His character and motives will more fully appear as you examine these documents in detail. The first is a statement, not sworn to, purporting to have been made and signed by Mrs. Marietta Graham, formerly Marietta Enoch, at Olney, Illinois, on the 27th day of April, 1875.

Mrs. Graham swears that she never signed such a statement; that she never authorized any person to sign it for her; that she was sixteen miles away from the place where the instrument was signed when it was signed, and that the statement is wholly false.

### STATEMENT OF MARIETTA GRAHAM.

State of Illinois, }  
Richland County. }

This 25th day of May, 1875, personally before me, a notary public in and for the county of Richland, State of Illinois, Marietta Graham, formerly Marietta Enoch, and, after being duly sworn upon oath, says, that my name is Marietta Graham, formerly Marietta Enoch, and wife of Elisha J. Graham, who is now at Iuka, State of Illinois; that I am well acquainted with William M. French, formerly a pupil and teacher in the Indian

Deaf and Dumb Institution. I have not seen him for the last five years. On the 27th day of April last I was sixteen miles in the country, visiting my sister in Richland county. I did not sign a paper against Mr. MacIntire as represented in the accusations against him by John E. Fawcner, designated (in his accompanying affidavit) as "Exhibit A," purporting to have been signed by Mrs. Marietta Graham, nor have I ever seen such a paper. I was formerly a pupil in the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution, and left the same in the year 1857. Mr. MacIntire never tried to seduce me, nor did he ever attempt to take any improper liberties with me, but always treated me in a kind and gentlemanly manner, and I believe him to be a good man.

(Signed) MARIETTA GRAHAM.  
May 25, 1875.

State of Illinois, }  
Richland County. }

I, H. Haywood, a notary public, in and for the county of Richland aforesaid, hereby certify that Marietta Graham, formerly Marietta Enoch, in my presence made above deposition and affidavit, and voluntarily signed her name to the same, and was by me duly sworn to the truth thereof.

Given under my hand and notarial seal this 25th day of May, 1875.  
H. HAYWOOD,  
Notary Public.

Her husband, E. J. Graham, swears that French came to him and presented the false statement, saying that he wanted to use it against Mr. MacIntire. He further swears that French forged Mrs. Graham's signature to the statement, and that he said he was in the pay of Fawcner. It also appears that French told Mr. Graham that Mr. MacIntire had "acted bad" with Ida Fawcner. It will be noticed that Ida Fawcner herself makes no such charge.

### CORROBORATIVE.

State of Illinois, }  
Richland County. }

Personally appeared before me, Wm. Robinson, a notary public in and for said Richland county, State of Illinois, Elisha J. Graham, who, after being duly sworn according to law, on oath, says that he is the identical Elisha J. Graham who was formerly a student in the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution, and is now a resident of Iuka, Illinois; that he was well acquainted with Wm. M. French, formerly a pupil and teacher in the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution; that he came to see me at Olney on the 27th day of April, 1875, and presented me a paper that he said he wanted to use against Mr. MacIntire, and persuaded me to sign it by saying Mr. MacIntire was a bad man since I left the institution. The affiant further swears that Mr. French signed my wife's name to said paper, and also told him that he was employed by a rich man, John Fawcner, who would give him (Mr. French) much money to sign that paper to be used against Mr. MacIntire, and affiant was further induced to sign the paper by Mr. French's statement that MacIntire had acted badly with Ida Fawcner.

(Signed) E. J. GRAHAM.  
I, Elisha J. Graham, on oath say that I have read the above affidavit, and know that the same is true.  
E. J. GRAHAM.  
May 25, 1875.

State of Illinois, }  
Richland County. }

I, William Robinson, a Notary Public in and for Richland county, State of Illinois, do hereby certify that E. J. Graham made the above affidavit and signed his name to the same, and was by me duly sworn to the truth thereof.

Given under my hand and seal the 25th day of May, 1875.

WILLIAM ROBINSON,  
Notary Public for Richland County, Illinois.

The next is the statement of Mrs. Candice F. Berryman, formerly Johnson. She swears that French told her that Fawcner was mad at MacIntire and wanted to expel him from the institution, and had promised him (French) money to enable him to attend to the business of getting up these statements; that French wrote the statement signed by her; that it is false, and that she did not say anything like it to French. French stayed at her house from Saturday until Monday morning.

STATEMENT OF MISS CANDICE BERRYMAN, FORMERLY MISS C. JOHNSON.  
Question.—When did Wm. French, a deaf-mute, come to your house?

Answer.—He came here on the 8th day of May.

Q.—What did he want of you?

A.—He wanted me to sign against Mr. Thomas MacIntire and try to expel him out of the institution.

Q.—Tell what he said about who sent him to get you or others to sign against MacIntire.

A.—Mr. Fawcner sent him to get me and others to sign against MacIntire. He said Mr. Valentine seduced Ida Fawcner and blamed Mr. Fawcner. It made Fawcner mad, and he went to see French, and asked him if he could get signers for him against MacIntire. So French told him, yes. French told me the best way to get signers against MacIntire. He wanted me to sign that was not the truth. I told him I did not like it, for they would make a row about it. He said Fawcner wanted them to expel MacIntire out of the institution because they blamed him about Ida Fawcner. It made me think so, but now I find out that it is not the truth.

Q.—What did he say about being paid for going about on the business?

A.—He said he told Fawcner he had not the money to pay on the railways, so Fawcner gave him some of his money for his business.

Q.—Did French offer to give you anything for signing against MacIntire?

A.—He said not to say anything about it.

Q.—Is the statement in *The Indianapolis Sentinel* over your name of May 20, 1875, truly what you said to French?

A.—No. I did not say to him so, but he wanted to make more little lie about it.

Q.—Did you write that statement yourself or did French write it?

A.—I did not write it myself. French wrote it himself.

Q.—Did you understand all the words in it?

A.—I understood it some, and I told him it was not so. He said that was good for MacIntire.

Q.—Did you understand what the word lustful meant?

A.—I did not understand what it meant, and asked him what it meant.

Q.—What did he tell you it meant?

A.—He made signs for bad and sneaking.

French asked me if MacIntire wanted to do something to me. I told him not so. He said he wished I could make false statements about MacIntire, so they could expel him out, so French could get his place. Mr. MacIntire was always kind and good to me when I went to school. He was much respected, and helped all deaf pupils to learn, and they all liked him.

Q.—Did MacIntire ever say or do anything bad or shameful to you?

A.—No, sir; he has never said or done anything bad or shameful to me.

Q.—Have you read the statement over your name in *The Indianapolis Sentinel* of May 20, 1875?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How long did French stay at your house when he came there on the 8th of May?

A.—He stayed at my house until Monday morning.

Q.—Is the statement in *The Indianapolis Sentinel* over your name true or false, so far as it charges Mr. MacIntire with doing or saying anything wrong to you?

A.—The statement is false, as I did not say or do anything like it to French.

(Signed) CANDICE F. BERRYMAN.

STATE OF INDIANA, }  
NOBLE COUNTY. }

Personally appeared before the undersigned, a notary public in and for said county, the above named Candice F. Berryman, to me known to be the person who signed the above and foregoing statement, and being by me duly sworn, and said oath having been reduced to writing and read by me, she, on her said oath, says that the above and foregoing answers to interrogatories were written by her after having read each interrogatory; that she understands the same, and that her answers thereto are true in substance and in fact.

Witness my hand and official seal this 22d day of May, A. D. 1875.

AUG. A. CHAPIN,  
Notary Public.

Her husband, John W. Berryman, corroborates her affidavit with his own, in which the additional fact appears that French said he wanted to be superintendent of the institution:

STATEMENT OF JOHN W. BERRYMAN.  
Q.—Are you the husband of Candice F. Berryman?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Were you present when Wm. M. French got her to sign a statement making charges against Thomas MacIntire about May 10, 1875?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Where did she sign it?

A.—At my house.

Q.—Did you sign it as a witness, and if so, why did you sign it?

A.—Yes, because I got tired of talking with him.

Q.—Did your wife want to sign it?

A.—No.

Q.—What did French say he wanted it for?

A.—Mr. French wanted to be superintendent of the institution, and wanted to appoint Mrs. Miranda Cavanaugh as matron.

Q.—Was Miranda Cavanaugh there also?

A.—At my house? yes.

Q.—Who wrote the statement that she signed at your house?

A.—Mr. W. M. French.

Q.—Did your wife tell French that MacIntire had said and done anything wrong to her?

A.—No.

Q.—Have you read the statements published in *The Indianapolis Sentinel* of May 20, 1875, over the name of your wife?

A.—Yes.

Q.—To your knowledge, did your wife make any such statements of MacIntire's conduct to her as are contained in that printed statement?

A.—No.

Q.—Did you understand when you signed that statement as a witness that it contained such charges against Mr. MacIntire?

A.—I could hardly understand it, and did not think it had such statements.

(Signed) JOHN W. BERRYMAN.

State of Indiana, }  
Noble County. }

Before the undersigned, a notary public in and for said county, the above named John W. Berryman, who being by me duly sworn, on his oath says that he wrote the foregoing answers to the above questions, and that he understands the same, and that the same are true in substance and in fact.

Witness my hand and official seal this 22d day of May, 1875.

AUG. A. CHAPIN,  
Notary Public.

The affidavit of Miss Annie Carey explains how French procured from her the statement published by Fawcner in support of his charges. French told her that "Fawcner and a man named Kennedy (a cripple) had sent him to get the statement, and that they paid him for doing so." He also promised her money and a position in the institution if she would sign the statement. She said French wrote the statement himself, and

that it is wholly false. Miss Carey is a Catholic, and, as I am informed, had denounced the statement published in *The Sentinel* as false to her priest, before she made the affidavit, a copy of which is herewith filed:

## STATEMENT OF ANNIE CAREY.

State of Indiana, }  
Wabash County. }

On the 21st day of May, 1875, personally came before me, the undersigned notary public in and for said county, Annie Carey of said county and State, of lawful age, who, being duly sworn, upon her oath, says that she is acquainted with Thomas MacIntire, Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and was herself an inmate in said institution. She further says that the said MacIntire, during all the time that she was an inmate of said institution, conducted himself in all respects in a proper manner toward her; and she says that the said MacIntire never at any time or place took any liberties with her person, or at any time or place used any improper or unbecoming language to her or in her presence.

The said Annie Carey further states that she admits and says that one William M. French on or about the 14th day of May, this present month, did prepare a statement, which she signed, which is inconsistent with the foregoing statement herein made. But she says, that when she signed that statement prepared by said French, she did not fully comprehend it, yet did in part understand it, and knew that it was wrong to sign it. She says that she was persuaded by the said French to do so, by promises of great benefit to her if she would do the same, and by representing to her that other girls were signing statements like it, and by telling her that there was no harm in it, and that no one should ever see the statement that she made or know that any statement was made.

The said Annie Carey further states, that to induce her to sign the statement made by said French, he represented to her that he would pay her one thousand dollars some time during the coming summer; that he also promised her a position in the institution as a teacher if she would sign the statement referred to. He said that John E. Fawcner and a man by the name of Kennedy (a cripple) had sent him here to get a statement, and that they paid him for doing so; said French exhibited a bundle of papers to her and said they were statements other girls had made.

(Signed) ANNIE CAREY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, the day and year above named, and I certify that the affiant read and signed the same in my presence with uplifted hand.

Witness my hand and notarial seal this 21st day of May, 1875.

MACY GOOD,  
Notary Public.

As to the story of Mrs. Davis, I will say that she has not made any retraction of it as yet. Since it was published, I have learned this French has been to see her and has used threats and persuasions to induce her to stand by what she said. The document shows that French was present, and that she made oath to it, and that he interpreted the oath. I have no doubt it can be shown that it was procured by methods similar to those I have already exposed. But whether she retracts it or not, I am prepared to show that it is wholly false, and I believe it can be shown that it is of a piece with the whole tissue of lies which Fawcner and French have been fabricating against me. Ida Fawcner's statement is a pure fabrication. Long before the officers of the institution had any knowledge of her uncle's crime, she had incited him by statements made to most intimate friends, her classmates and room-mates. When her shame was exposed by the abortion she charged her uncle with her seduction, without solicitation, inducement or suggestion. She uniformly made that statement to the officers of the institution, to the matron, and to the teachers. She persisted in it during the investigation before the committee, consisting of the Board of Trustees and Judges Roche and Blair, while her uncle George Fawcner, was present, and she never made any other statement, as I know or ever heard, until she left the institution and passed under the control of Fawcner and his friends. I am confident that I shall be able to convince you that her last story is a fabrication, and that her first statement is true. I herewith presentsome further exhibits, which shed more light upon the workings of this conspiracy. Miss Carrie Bischoff swears that French told her that he wrote the letter to the Legislature signed "W. Brown," and that he was trying to get Mr. MacIntire out of the institution.

STATEMENT OF CARRIE BISCHOFF.

State of Indiana, }  
Vigo County. }

Carrie Bischoff being sworn, deposes and says: I was a pupil of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Indianapolis. Left there seven years ago. I am acquainted with William M. French. Saw him last on May 6th. He said he was against Mr. MacIntire; that he had whipped a new pupil last winter. He (French) told me he wrote a letter to the Legislature against Mr. MacIntire last winter, and signed his name W. Brown. Mr. French said he helped Mr. Willard, and they wanted Mr. MacIntire to be expelled from being superintendent.

(Signed) CARRIE BISCHOFF.

Before me, George W. Keiser, a notary public in and for said county and State, this 24th day of May, 1875, personally came Carrie Bischoff, and made oath that the facts set forth in the above affidavit made by her are true as she verily believes.

(Signed) GEORGE W. KEISER,  
Notary Public.

Eliza J. Moore swears that French said he was employed by Fawcner to charge Mr. Valentine with the seduction of his niece, Ida Fawcner.

JOHN E. FAWKNER'S MAN.  
State of Indiana, }  
Vigo County. }

Eliza J. Moore, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that Mr. William M. French was here on the 18th day of May, 1875, and stayed all night at the house of my sister, Mrs. Mills. He then told me that John E. Fawcner, uncle of Miss Ida Fawcner, went to Bloomington, where he (French) lives; that he (John E. Fawcner) told him (French) that Mr. MacIntire had accused him (John E. Fawcner) of seducing his niece, Miss Ida Fawcner, and that he (John E. Fawcner) would give him (French) \$1,000 to charge Mr. Valentine with seduction of Ida Fawcner.

(Signed) ELIZA JANE MOORE.

Before me, the undersigned, a notary public in and for said county and State, this 24th day of May, 1875, personally came Eliza J. Moore, and made oath that the facts stated in the above affidavit are true as she verily believes.

(Signed) GEORGE W. KEISER,  
Notary Public.

Charles Sullivan's affidavit shows that French saw him in Evansville a short time ago, and said Fawcner wanted him to travel over the State to get charges against Mr. MacIntire and some teachers at the institution.

FROM ANOTHER SOURCE.  
State of Indiana, }  
County of Vanderburg. }

Charles T. Sullivan, of lawful age, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that his name is Charles Sullivan, and his age is twenty-seven years, and place of residence is the city of Evansville, Vanderburg county, and State of Indiana. I am personally acquainted with William M. French, formerly a pupil and teacher at the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and he (French) was here last Saturday, and stayed with me over Sunday. He (French) said John Fawcner wanted him to travel over the State and get the charges from some mutes against MacIntire and some teachers, Angus, Vail, Houdyshell and Valentine. I signed the paper for Mr. French, written by him. I have refused to tell what was in it.

CHARLES T. SULLIVAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 26th day of May, 1875.

R. C. WILKINSON, N. P.

French's letter to Mark Butler requests Mr. Butler to see Anna Carey and tell her "to be firm," and that "we will help her very much after June." It also states that the trial (of Fawcner for abortion) is put off until June.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind. May 19, 1875.

MARK BUTLER—Friend: I have got other things about the school; you and Carry Hunt keep quiet and cool. Tell Miss Carey that the trial is put off to June, from yesterday. Tell her to be firm, determined and sign no other papers without me seeing her, and in my presence. We will help her very much after the trial in June. I will get many more things from others. Keep all to yourself and tell Carey to do the same. Please tell me how old Miss Carey is. They want to know in the city. You can drop me a letter as below, and tell me about it in the lawyers' way to know. Write to me and tell me any other news, etc. I will be back in Indianapolis in ten days. My regards to you and Carey. Your friend,

FRENCH.

Address—  
W. M. French,  
Care of Jennie Wilson,  
137 East Vermont street,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

(My sister, married.)  
Mark Butler,  
Care Plaindealer, Wabash, Ind.

Fawcner's trial is set for June 15. These exhibits disclose the animus and object of this conspiracy. My assailants stop at nothing. They libel the dead, fabricate lies about the living; they commit a forgery; they commit perjury and subordination of perjury.

Fawcner demands that a meeting of your board shall "be immediately called, and an early time fixed for a public investigation of these (his) charges, and that opportunity be given me (him) to appear by my (his) counsel, Dye & Harris and Byfield & Howe, and produce







Let nothing make the sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still;  
What God hath ordered must be right,  
Then find it in thine own delight,  
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart!  
One watches all with care most true,  
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,  
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,  
Nor seek earth's favor,  
But rest;  
Thou knowest what God wills must be  
For all His creatures, so for thee,  
The best.

—Paul Fleming (1800-1810).

#### Facts and Fancies.

—To remove dandruff—go to Arizona and interview the Apaches.

—Isn't it singular, but true, that straightened circumstances do not tend to make a man walk erect?

—And it is for office does not always lead to a niche in the temple of fame. This is a humorous remark.

—A certain young lady is so modest that she will not permit the Christian Observer to remain in her room over night.

—A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said "she is one mutton as is small."

—Can you tell me when it is that a blacksmith raises a row in the alphabet? It is when he makes a *poke* and a *shove*.

—It is remarked that no man can become thoroughly acquainted with his family history until he runs for office.

—If you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time.

—If "Rome was not built in a day," the inference is that it sprung up in the night, and thus became a mushroom city.

—A man boasting of his pedigree to another said that his father was elevated above the common herd of men. He was hanged.

—Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush? Because every one should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbor's.

—A rattlesnake, four and a half feet long and sporting six rattles, was killed on Main street, Meriden, Conn., the other day.

—A lady who asked her lover if he would like to see the lamb feed, was surprised to hear him say he had rather see her eye brows (e).

—Gratitude—A bachelor made a will leaving his property to the girls who had refused him. "For to them I owe all my earthly happiness."

—"It will come," said a candidate for Mayor of St. Louis the other day, while making a stump speech, "just as sure as it was that Romeo founded Rome."

—There was once a legislator who laid by \$30,000 in one session. When he was asked how he managed this with a salary of \$1,000, he said that he saved it by doing without a hired girl.

—If Mr. Gardner of Ohio hadn't been taken out and tarred and feathered and rolled in the snow, he never would have known how much his wife loved him. She was three weeks scraping the tar off.

—The conductor of one of the grammar schools in Nashua, N. H., has discovered a useful method of teaching grammar and rhetoric. The pupils are awarded two marks for every error found in a local newspaper.

—He held the old shirt up by the neck before discarding it forever, but he wasn't mourning for the garment. He only said, "I wish I had all the drinks around that have gone down that old neck-band."

—A Philadelphia German, upon the arrival of a second pair of twins, said to his family physician: "Ef you please, doctor, it is better dot a schtop be boot to dose dings. One pair of quince, I dinks, ish aller right, but more as dot ish blaid ovver. You know how it is myself!"

—An editor in Oregon recently announced that "all those who are in arrears for the paper, by calling and settling the same can have the marks and brands of their hogs published gratuitously, otherwise they will be placed upon the black list, and their names published."

—"Have you any eggs?" inquired a peaceful-looking old man as he leaned over the counter of a hardware store recently. "No, sir—this is a hardware store; we keep nails, stoves, &c.," answered the clerk. "Well, I did want some eggs," slowly drawled the old man; "but I ain't particular, and you may give me a pound of nails."

—Is der some ledder here for me?" inquired a German at the general delivery window of the Postoffice recently. "No—none here, was the reply. "Vhell, dot ish queer," he continued, getting his head into the window; "my neighbor gets sometimes dree ledders in one day, and I get none. I hays more taxes as he does, and I hat never got one ledder yet. How comes dose dings?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The most hideous women in the world are said to live in the valley of Spiti, which is a mountain-bound, almost inaccessible place, 12,000 feet above the sea, among the Himalayas. Their features are large and coarse, the expression of their faces is usually a natural grimace, and they hang huge rings in their noses. They dress in thick tunics, and trousers, and their heavy boots, coming above the knees, are often filled around their legs with flour for warmth.

It is said there was a serious interference with the festivities of the Sheridan wedding, the result of an unaccountable oversight. A great quantity of pastry and other delicate dishes had been placed in a back yard for the purpose of cooling, and left there without any one to watch them. The consequence can easily be imagined by any one familiar with the characteristics of the Chicago boy. The aroma from the steaming dainties wafted to the streets soon brought to the spot a horde of juvenile banditti, who, without the slightest regard to the dignity of the Lieutenant-General of the Army, or to the appetites of the guests, swarmed over the fence and bore away the choicest bits that had been provided for the wedding feast.

"Do you enjoy going to church, now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "La, me, I do," said Mrs. Partington. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning and go to church, and hear a populus minister dispense with the gospel."

The following notice recently appeared in one of the London papers: "Mr. Peter Tate has left his home. His wife and children would be thankful to any one who can give information of his whereabouts. He is subject to fits and resembles the German Emperor."

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##### A Sure and Speedy Cure for

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Influenza, Asthma, Sore Throat, Toothache, Headache, Chills, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Bites or Stings of Insects, Soreness or Pains in the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Pleurisy or Pains in the Side, or Pains of any Kind.

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Holbrook's Family Liniment Is a positive Specific and relieves local Pain more promptly than any other Medicine in use. Testimonials are being constantly received which place its powers in this respect beyond a doubt. Every Family should have a bottle of Holbrook's Family Liniment at hand, in case of sickness or accident.

Call on your Druggist and get a bottle of "Holbrook's Family Liniment."

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Inquire of J. D. HARTSON,

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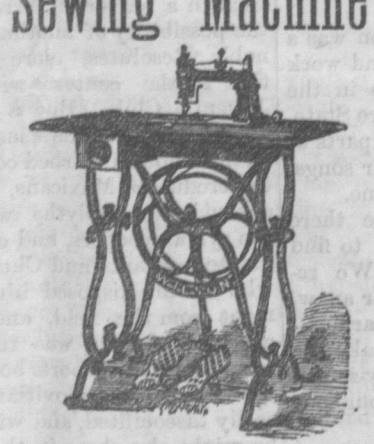
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